

GEE AITCH 43

No. 35. General Hospital No. 43, Hampton, Va. Sunday, June 15, 1919

Y. M. C. A. Hut Opens Tomorrow Night

Band Has Arranged Concert Program

BAND TO GIVE CONCERTS.

This is welcome news to everybody. Most of the boys of the band who have been temporarily making their home in the hospital, have been restored to health, and are now buckling into the game again like regular fellows. Capt. Mallowe has arranged a schedule which will constitute their regular program beginning with the ensuing week.

Concerts will be given outdoors in the park band stand from 7 to 8 p. m. on Mondays, Tuesdays and Fridays. On Wednesdays and Thursdays open air concerts will be given at the circle in front of the main hospital building from 2 to 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

Monday evening the concert will be at the Y. M. C. A. Hut, instead of at the band stand. In addition to the regular duties mentioned above, the members who compose the orchestra, as well as the band as a unit will be called upon for special occasions as heretofore. Of course, the orchestra will render overtures at the theatre during all shows given there. We wonder whether if we all will appreciate the good work this bunch of boys is doing. More power to them.

ENJOYED RECESS.

Sgt. 1st c. Emerson, initial "E" of the Big Triangle, has returned from his five-day trip to his home in Boston, Mass. He says that the American Athens was not slow in showing him a good time, though, "she ain't what she used to be." And further, "home won't be home no more after July first."

Y. M. C. A. HUT OPENS..

In their quiet and unpretentious manner, the Y. M. C. A. will open their hut to dwellers of our city, tomorrow evening. There will be no flourish of guns or a loud hoorahing, but simply the opening of the doors to all that wish to enter. The Post Band will assemble in front of the hut at 7 o'clock and render a concert lasting until 8 o'clock. The doors will then have been thrown open, and from 8 until 9, the orchestra will devote an hour in concert work within the hut.

The local Y. M. C. A. will function in connection and under the general direction of the Red Cross.

The Y. M. C. A. organization will be composed of three secretaries. There is one athletic man, who will assist Mr. Brown, Red Cross athletic director in his general athletic program. It is our opinion that the addition of these new workers will be of a genuine and material help to all of us.

The Y. M. C. A. has done a splendid work throughout the war, especially in training camps, where their huts have been headquarters for all men in the service, their work being confined principally to enlisted men, they are best known therefore, to the file. Boxing bouts, high class entertainments and providing for athletic activities, as well as affording a second home for the boys, with an opportunity of religious worship, in a brief way summarizes their purpose. In this country, their work during the war, has exemplified, it seems to us, the spirit of brotherhood as depicted in these lines by Edgar A. Guest: (Continued on page 4.)

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GEE AITCH 43

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and devoted to the interests of
General Hospital No. 43, Hamp-
ton, Va.

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commanding officer.

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Officer of the Day:

Sunday—Captain J. P. Ard.

Monday—Lieut. H. D. Phillips.

Sunday, June 15, 1919.

A SUNDAY MESSAGE TO YOU PATIENTS.

You have fought a good fight, and
your countrymen are proud of you,
of you and the old flag that "never
touched the ground." We all can re-
joice.

As we join our voices in grateful
rejoicing, let us mingle in the plain-
tive notes of regret for those whose
voices have been silenced by murder-
ous steel, gas and disease. By honor-
ing the surviving heroes, we honor
all the more the fallen heroes, and
while American homes receive re-
turning sons, let us hope that the
heavenly home has ere this received,
borne on angels' pinions the souls of
thousands whose mortal bodies are
now returning to dust.

You will soon take your place in
the peaceful pursuits of civilian life,
and it is without question a large
place that awaits you. If properly
fitted for it, your influence in the
America of the future will be a
boon; if unfitted, it will be a bane.
Be patient while you are in the hos-
pital, your government is doing its
best to make you fit bodily, yes, and

mentally. The sick are cured, the
wounded are healed, the maimed are
repaired, the uneducated are being
mentally developed and it behooves
each of you to help your government
to help you. There is a long row
ahead to hoe, and of what great con-
cern are the few months you must
spend here when your future success
and happiness lies in the balance?

* * *

Sunshine broken in the rill, though
turned astray, is sunshine still.

* * *

Captain Robertson, Chaplain, will
deliver the first of a series of ser-
mons, in the chapel this morning.
His theme will be "The Unpardon-
able Sin" (By request.)

* * *

When the elevator to success is not
running, take the stairs.

* * *

THE SMILING RED CROSS NURSE

(Written for Gee Aitch 43, by a
patient at this Post.)

When cannons breathe the breath of
hell,

Where man of courage fought and
fell,

My faith did wane, my soul rebel,
I sought Almighty God.

For he alone could see and know,
The meaning of this hellish glow,
That causes life's blood in streams
to flow,

With mind distraught, I prayed.

That God might send his will again,
To still my heart, and ease my pain,
And put to rest my burning brain,
But darkness came and then.

I heard the notes of song-birds clear,
I felt no pain and knew no fear,
A message from God was standing
near,—

In the smile of a Red Cross
Nurse.

Out of the past comes a brighter day,
And soon with loved ones, home to
stay,

Protect and love her, God, I pray,
The smiling Red Cross Nurse.

POST TEAMS U. S. S. GLACIER CREW.

Due to failure of the Cost Accountant's team putting in their appearance, the locals indulged in a practice game with the Glacier ball team. The local team managed to run a tie score with their opponents. Both pitchers twirled fairly good, allowing a number of scattered hits, safe and unsafe. The heavy hitting of Otis featured, especially in the first inning, when, with two men on base, he singled, resulting in a double score for the locals to start off with.

Score by innings:

G. H. 43.....	2 0 0 0 0 1 0—3
U. S. S. Glacier.....	0 0 0 2 1 0 0—3

Two-base hit, McGarr; Double play, Ziegler to Otis to McGarr. Struck out by Glacier 2, by Taylor 4. Bases on balls Glacier 2, G. H. 43, 4.

DIAMOND DUST.

Acting Corporal Jake Schaffer did some great umpiring during the first half of Friday's game, his mind working speedier than the player's own actions, as he always voiced his decision before the playing was ended.

—o—

Some one remarked concerning Dempster's baseball vigor in the game that he must be a victim of that "sleeping sickness," or sumthin' as he did a snail pace during the game.

—o—

Lt. Otis did some fast ground covering in the eighth inning, when he captured that fly over near first base. Watch out for the Big League scouts, or they'll soon get you.

RED CROSS "SETS 'EM UP."

All who visited the Red Cross Convalescent House, Friday afternoon, were treated to some very dainty ice cream, through courtesy of the Red Cross. Welcome treat this. Many thanks.

ANOTHER WAY TO LOOK AT IT.

Money has only one use—circulation. Money not in use is a form of theft.

Hence the greatest benefactors of humanity are the extravagant. It is the extravagant who make the mare go.

The greatest calamity that could overtake humanity would be for the extravagant, the heavy-spenders and the wasters of money to become tight-wads.

Money cannot be wasted. It cannot be squandered. The more freely it is spent the more people profit. No one knows the value of a dollar better than he who "throws it away." We all owe our jobs to the profligates of money.

So if one wishes to be a real benefactor of his kind he should spend without stint and to the limit. The only danger comes from the hoarder. Cultivate the arts of extravagance and make some one happy.

Spend and not too wisely.

DRESSING UP THE BASEBALL TEAM.

That industrious little store of ours, better known as the Post Exchange, sure knows how to advertise. In regular Sears, Roebuck fashion, they are presenting the baseball team with a brand new outfit of nifty, white uniforms. This kind of advertising pays. It not only cinches the business of baseballers and baseball fans, but look at all the publicity they get out of it, and that every dominant spirit of business **Good Will** that results from such worthy movements, should cause a bit of alarm to their competing merchandising house—the Commissary, which we predict will have to hustle like the dickens to keep pace. Oh, them there Oaklyhomy and Kentucky general store men is some business men, we reckon. Fine work, however, old Post Exchange, we're for you all the time.

Echoes of the Serenade.

A nurse's sweet voice: "Oh, who is the cute little drum major?"

HE IS OUT.

Out of the hospital and out of a job. Too bad his plans were blighted, and all the cooks and others in the mess business thereby doomed to disappointment in all the flowery promises he had made them, about what he was going to do for them, and all the "how" things were going to be when he got out of the hospital and "he got back to running things again." We have heard it told about that the best "running" he can do would be in the other direction, and not tread on somebody else's toes. Just a word to the wise should be sufficient, for dark rumors are afloat, that if there is one, there is forty times that many, still regretting that the discharged non-com beat them to it a couple of weeks back. He never was mess sergeant, and it looks as though he has killed his chances of ever so becoming.

Sgt. McCracken was recently discharged from the hospital where he was healed of his fight wound. A competent man has taken his place in the mess, and the relieved one is wondering a bit, just what kind of a job he is going to get as soon as he is discharged from "quarters", he is still on sick report. A kind suggestion of Uncle Eb's, "Just be what you am" is good philosophy. Is it not?

IT WENT OVER.

The W. C. C. S. Show, which appeared in the theatre Thursday night, furnished a very delightful evening for all theatre-goers. The show was of a high grade, legitimate character, and every number scored with the audience. The singing by Mr. and Mrs. Martin and Mr. and Mrs. Schroeder was very pleasing, while the act by Murray and McGee hit the ball in great shape, with their comedy, dance and song.

WANTED—A pink envelope. Send same to Corp. C. E. Meyer, the special delivery boy.

WELCOME HOME! "Fireman and Painter" Koch, of the 39th Division!

Y. M. C. A. HUT OPENS..

(Continued from page 1.)

"The passing year is rich with deeds Of sacrifice for human needs. Since Christ was crucified for men, And took the tomb to rise again. Earth has not known so great a time Of service and of faith sublime. For with this year, so tired and torn, The Brotherhood of Man was born."

CULLED DURING THE DAY.

Red Waxman, you had better stay away from Hampton, as (her) step-mother might not like your looks.

Someone please have a special light put over Haywood's bed, as the poor boy is now reading his twenty-fifth book, his latest being, "The Shot that was never Fired."

Sgt. McGrady, who don't you teach her how to use a CAMERA?

Cpl. Miller is off his carousing-around-Phoebus job, and is back in speaking distance of Ward 6 once more.

Some one remarked that Ezra Shiplett was married, but don't you believe it, little girl, as you know nobody would tolerate such as he.

Ask Miss K., of Ward 6, who the curly headed friend is, she is always talking about.

We hear Hosp. Sgt. Jones is contemplating matrimony. Is it sure enuf so, Sarge?

Silver to Sheydt: "How are you feeling today, Sargent?"
Sheydt: "First Class."

A Safety Deposit Vault.

Leave all your valuables with Sgt. Calvert, file clerk at Headquarters. He will place them in his files, and it is a cinch no one could ever find them. So rumor goes.

GOING, going, but not yet gone—Wishey.